THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

SKETCHES BY THE WAYSIDE.

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BY ED. N. STRETTON.

THE DYING CHILD.

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Where in deliverance wending is the light;
Cold as a statue in pale marble dressed
Still as a rainbow fading from the sky,
Calm as a babe-par, that upon the deep,
Folds slowly in silken wings and breathes, like thee, to sleep!

A fair and lovely child that had just learned
To look upon flowers and sky with joy,
Such as the heart of childhood only knows,
To love the bright heaven of the morning sun
As they came gleaming through the shady trees
And mute into her mother like fairy flowers
Making fantastic shapes upon the wall.
Her privacy I see the world. I have had dreams
Of beautiful and stylish-like forms of earth,
Whose very eyes were but the store of night.
Whose lips were like the red and downy rose,
Whose mouth revealed made us to speak angelic words;
But never dreamed of one so pure divine.
So meek, so beautiful as that young child.
Her eyes were blue, blue as the summer heaven,
And full upon you with a melting light
That stole into your soul and wrapped its thoughts
Of some familiar look you once had known;
Her forehead was like the first of bright lake,
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As they unfolded their beauties to your sight
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As fades the rainbow from the enraptured eye—
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As sunset some golden glossaged lord away—
As flowers must golden dream we've had
Which waking we cannot realize.

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To whisper bliss unmeet to the soul
Of one who had long tried the ills of life [Heaven!
And while she lay all calmly in in dreams,
She drew aside the shrouding veil which shut
Her gaze from immortality and God.
Sang to her mother of the land that lay
Then smiled and died these as if now she felt
That she had come to watch the weary hours,
And when the morning broke, and all of mortal change,
On her pale features imprest not a smile,
She told how beautiful and full of God
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I looked and called for Ellen's mother,
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That flows out from the radiant throne of God.
Was it not so? and with their sadness hands,
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There water to young lessons and teach its bloom
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It must be so! it was a chosen flower,
And God did know it, and He gave it power
To plant it from its tender parent stem.
Where many a storm might beat to waste its form,
And for its warmth clasp close the cold of death
To bloom amid the spirit paradise.
I marked grief and fell 'twas colour's hue—
The crimson sky and yellow leaf we know
Are always o'er us, and mingle with our scenes,
For since Sorrow is God's fairest hour,
It was a portion of our transient life;
For here a form springs up, another there,
And then to close on how earth's beauteous things
Will fade away in the cold arms of death,
And merge them in their bloom; and we are left
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"To write is such a matter now
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CHAPTER IX.

"Be out, though thick as bees,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
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During the deadly struggle we have just narrated, and for the few succeeding minutes, while the remnant of his company, Ernest had lost all thought how the battle was going on in front. The instant, however, the assault of the strife in the immediate vicinity had died away, his quick ear caught the sound of firing above, and he knew that the struggle was still in that direction in obscurity. The rapid succession in which valley followed valley told that the fight was manfully contested, and that the enemy were not to be put to their strength. Ernest's superior, "there comes Greene—he is driving in their centre—forward, forward, hasten for victory," and he rushed into the open space between the two armies.

Inspired by the opportune succor, and fired by the daring conduct of their leader, the men, who had for a moment wavered, dashed forward and returning the fire of the foe with renewed spirit made a desperate effort to drive the British back on their centre. Each one felt that he was fighting for life or death; while the smile of the musketry, the singing of the balls, the shouts of the officers, and the shrieks of the wounded added tenfold horror to the scene. The contest was long and doubtful. Each party fought with a desperation worthy of victory. Now the British gave unlikely way, firing incessantly, however, as they retired; and now the Americans wavered in their advance under the galling fire of a determined foe whose stubborn valor had got on their flank. At length a part of the line began to break. Ernest's superior rushed forward to rally the soldiery, but a shot struck him in the heart, and he fell to the earth dead. The confusion increased.

In vain Ernest threatened, exhorted, and even prayed the troops to rally. All their persuasions were dropped. Of some familiar look you once had known; Her forehead was like the first of bright lake, Reflecting flower and hues from heaven above; Her step the light and free step of the elves Her cheeks were moist, and her soul was joy. Have not such beautiful beings crossed your path And our delight and admiration? have you not felt As day and night alternate came and went, As they unfolded their beauties to your sight To clasp and admire such gifts of Heaven! They did not leave with you? Soon they passed. As fades the rainbow from the enraptured eye— As roses must golden glossaged lord away— As flowers must golden dream we've had Which waking we cannot realize.

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"For Heaven's sake, Harry, what is the matter?" "Your brother William, dearest, is ill; you must go to him immediately."

Clara's youngest brother, a captain in the army, was stationed at Buffalo. His wife had died two years after her marriage, leaving him an only daughter, a child of the three of this youngest and dearest brother that Clara had ever seen or known.

"I cannot go with you, my love; but you will not mind leaving me?"

"Oh no; and I shall feel easier if you are with the children."

"God grant, dearest, that you may find him better! But should he be ill or from the letter I fear he is, relieve his mind at once from that which I know presses most heavily upon it—his child. Tell him she has another child where she loves him, to share alike in every advantage in my power to bestow; and that I consider her treasure as dear and sacred here as can need be ourselves."

Clara burst into a passion of tears, as she threw herself into his arms, then said only say: "My noble husband!"

"You have lost no hour, my love; the best lessons of them. I shall write this afternoon to Mrs. Brown, and I find she is still out of town."

Clara arrived in time to see once again that beloved brother, to take the last head that raised that expiring! and, to consolidate his heart, bursting with tender appreciation for his virtues and love. Could Clara find any husband better than she did? The gentle tenderness with which he received your William's child touched me, I feel that in the "lowest depth" of his love there was still a "lower deep."

Emma had returned to the city before Clara had got back, and the two sisters mingled their tears together; but there was bitterness mixed with Emma's grief. With her small family and limited income she had not the power to secure the child of the brother she had loved so well. All was left on the Mountain.

"And no Howard has not been brought to the city, but he came after another!" was the husband's first remark on the subject.

"Yes; Howard has taken my poor brother's child."

"And I suppose she is to have music and French?" rejoined he, satirically.

"Certainly; when Emily and she should "out of his head and think of his end," and return to all their studies like children, he decided upon what he got up, and, in the drudge, a kind of upper servant," replied Emma, with regret. "No; Harry Howard is very noble, very generous.

Mr. Brown seemed his pen, and after a little thought addressed Clara: "I assure you, my dear, that I have not been at all neglectful of your brother's interests. I have written to him frequently by way of a move. He only answered once, and then about Howard's being a generous fool but that he thought him, and that he could never comprehend him. Mr. Brown knew he could have no personal property and nobility of soul were beyond the limits of his comprehension. The slightest hint that Howard was not him. He could not get over it. He seemed to feel it as a personal insult. The first time he saw Howard he said to him: "I cannot think, Howard, that you were called upon to take that child. Why did you not leave her to her father's relations?"

"I do not know that they are called it," replied Howard; "and I do not see that it has at any time come to Sir father's family as its mother's. At any rate, none of them came forward, and Hilbert's brother's child must not beg a home while I have a roof to shelter it."

"You have him then?"

"We were at school together."

"Ah, that makes a difference," rejoined Brown; and he seemed much comforted and soothed by the idea that he had always seen the fader, out of respect to him, could have no claims on him.

A few days after Howard road with a smile, among the list of donations to the "Orphan Asylum." "One hundred dollars from B. Brown, Esquire."

The current of Emma's life had not run so smoothly for some years back as it had been advanced by her. Her darling son, so far gone out of his first childhood, grew out of his father's favor; other feelings arose—the feeling of jealousy of the mother's idolatry, so became the felt already a longing to see him at work, or probably both feelings combined. At any rate, his manner became more and more to Herbert, and instead of forming a link between the parents, he became the cause of further estrangement. As we have said before, he had taken no mother's notice with his friends. He was so proud as he was ambitious.

"Dear mother, try and persuade father to let me enter college for the next session. He only answered that he would see; but I know he will not. I am ready to enter the class, and oh mother! how I wish you could have heard Let me enter college. I long to be at it. I want to be in the running-house."

"Dearest boy, I will do all I can, but I fear your father is quite decided on that point." And then in all the fullness of her perfect love she tried to reconcile him to what she found was inevitable; to turn his self-esteem into another channel, and to look to "the first honors and the "Madcin." But it would not do. To give up his studies and college for the counting-house! Impossible! Despair was in the thought. Emma used all her powers of persuasion and reason with her husband, but for the decree had gone forth, and change was impossible.

One of the points on which Emma and Mr. Brown disagreed, was on the propriety of making Charley an allowance of pocket-money. "No, he thought it would make him extravagant. What did a boy of his age want with money? He never had pocket-money!" and he seemed to remember his own boyhood only to be indignant at the superior advantages that his son possessed.

Emma consulted her sister as to her management with her lady in that respect—Certainly, Mr. Howard gave them an allowance; not much; but he says boys ought always to have a little change about them; he says he did so for Ned and Ivan on Saturday; and that it is tempting them to run in debt or scrounge on other boys. Mr. Howard thinks that men should do, if they have none." Not again Emma heard her husband [illegible] Since when Charley came in, flushed with excitement, and placed in her hand the highest prize he had gained at school, she turned to Brown and said: "He had been successful to-day; I think he merits some reward."

The liberal father put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a sovereign, which he tendered to his son. The proud boy colored to the forehead, but did not touch it; and as poor Emma put out her hand to reach the prize, far from her she knew he would refuse nothing: "No! no!" said her husband: "if Master Howard is to be spared for that, there, take it, Sir," and he tossed it to Emma, whose little form drew itself up with pride at the slight.

Charley was now fourteen, and Mr. Brown insisted that he should have no more time, but enter the counting-house at once; and it was done. The boy had not been there a year, when his mother found his health and spirits declining, and gradually increased. "My dear mother, not see," said she, "what is it that depresses you so?"

"Mother! must be a merchant, why did not my father place me with such a man as Mr. B., or Mr. G., or any body that is a gentleman, which Mr. Q. is not! And then he is such a mean man too; and mother, I do not like what I see of a Christian's life. Never counting-house, and running like mad after their notes the next."

"My darling boy, all professions do not have such drawbacks, and all men think there's the hardest. Would you not be better satisfied if your father placed you with Mr. G.?"

"Oh, yes, a thousand times; almost perfectly happy."

Once more did Emma appeal to her child's belief. But "No, the fellow's always grumbling; he has one where he is," was the reply.

Thwarted at home, humiliated at the warm-house, Emma found to her alarm that her son was beginning to stay out late; that he had a boisterous glee in the same not from healthy excitement; and that little bills were sent to her husband. High account was taken of the boy's extravagance and the tradesmen's bills, which he knew in endless silence, but which produced no change of conduct, except that dreading to be questioned, he went to the counter on his return home, he absented himself more than ever. His mother expostulated with him mildly and affectionately, and it had its effect for the time. He shortly forsook and lost her love to see her look so sad. But vanity and young passions were more powerful than love to the young heart. The gladness that was the stern, harsh father, the absence of all that could attract a sensitive mind, and the pleasures of which he could hear; and he broke loose again more widely than before.

"Clara," said her sister to her about this time, "what does Mr. Brown say about his son and the boys? Has he decided on their professions?"

"He has left the boys free to decide for themselves. He says if they work against the grain, they never work heartily. Harry has chosen the Duke's bottom of Mr. Fitz, received courtesy he warmed in the navy. Willy, is not too young to think about the matter."

"The navy!—and does that satisfy Mr. Howard?"

"Yes; it is a noble and honorable service, and was his father's school wish. He is of that adventurous, hardy character that would suit the fine officer. Emma, I am happy to see children. My boys are fine, generous creatures; my pride for Charlotte's sons is great; dear to me as Augusta, all I could wish them."

"Ah! Clara," said her sister, and sighed deeply, "your children have had a happy home, and you and your husband are reaping the reward of your judicious management.

It is useless to dwell upon the melancholy and anguish that soon overtook Emma's home; suffice it to say that she had reasoned with her husband, to induce him to adopt a new course of conduct with his son, but in vain. "He must be that son's lawgiver." No; it absolutely seemed as if the boy's love to himself was the first point. No; just; all else must be secondary to his will. And these things came from him by degrees, and all that Mr. Brown worked himself up to such a pitch of passion, as to declare one morning that if Charley could not be ruled he might herself half-past ten he never should darken his sister's door again.

Then, and then only, for the first time since her marriage, did the mother venture to the wrong, the full force of her natural character, burst forth. She turned her flashing eyes fully and boldly on her husband, as she said resolutely, but with deep emotion:

"Then from beside Charley for social feasts from your house, you banish me also. The home from which he is driven forth to wander he shall not be driven forth; shall no longer be my home."

Her husband quailed, but added sneeringly:

"And may I ask what you propose doing in such a case?"

"No matter what," she cried, passionately; "I have arrangements that will always enable me to take care of myself. Only you much my words!"

The man was conquered; for he saw that she spoke with the energy of truth and feeling, and was capable of acting up to her declaration. Perhaps he had lately mented for deed when he uttered it. At any rate, it never was repeated.

"Ah!" cried Emma, giving way to the intense anguish of her spirit when she was alone; "am I never to know peace?" Here I have I had wounded up my heart, and my only hope of happiness, in that fear to be disappointed? Are the consequences of "marriage" to be ever so bitter?" the stupid "marriage" was the word upon her lips.

Ah! who can tell the end of misery entailed by one sinful act? You, we say one sinful act: for the woman who pledges her faith before God and man to one who is to her heart the deepest, true, and latterly will she be punished for that one. The world is not all dotted and

SATURDAY POST.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, August 13, 1842.

News from Congress.

On Wednesday in the Senate nothing of moment was transacted.

In the House there was a long debate, in Committee of the Whole, and the bill for the regulation of the army.

On Thursday in the Senate after a bill was passed to a third reading for entering a full title to their product. Mr. Preston addressed the Senate, who was followed by the powerful and copy-right laws, already existing, under the title of an "act for the protection of charts and the other purposes."

When the Tariff Bill came up, Mr. Allen addressed the Senate in support of his amendment. Mr. Benton succeeded the motion in a brief and pertinent speech. Mr. Clay followed in reply. He stated the object of his bill in this chamber was in favor of reducing the duty on salt. He had been informed that the exigency of this bill to the people of his State, was greater than all the other items united in the general government. The answer was too obvious.

In the House the bill for encouraging the army, and for other purposes, was read through the Committee of the Whole, and reported to the House.

The bill to amended another great alterations and reductions in the establishment of the army, consisting in entire regiment of dragoons, and diminishes the number of men in each company. The bill in each company. The full number being almost one hundred. All the officers are retained, except those of the dragoons regiment disbanded, are retained, supernumeraries, supernumerary vacancies, and their payments.

Mr. Adams opposed the bill.

This morning, in the House, Mr. Cooper called up his bill for the appointment of a clerk to the office of the Secretary of the Navy to furnish the Committee on Indian Affairs with certain information and papers demanded, and that they their examination of the papers alleged to have been presented to the Secretary of War by Governor Ritner, relative to a large amount. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Cushing discussed the merits of the question and the expediency of the resolution, and to debate for the present, when the resolution was agreed to.

The amendments adopted in Committee of the Whole on the bill for the army last night were then taken up and agreed to. The bill passed—yeas 113, nays 63.

On Friday in the Senate, Mr. Preston from the Military Committee, reported the Army Retrenchment bill, with amendments. Mr. Preston moved to recommit that the Senate disagree to the House amendments and ask a committee of conference. Mr. Preston said he should be before the Committee of Conference at the present session with the Army Appropriation Bill.

After some debate respecting business of secondary interest had been disposed of,

The Senate took up the Tariff bill, and Mr. Calhoun, in a long speech, in support of great length and ability in opposition to its passage, and to all protective Duties. [Mr. C.'s speech.]

Mr. Walker, of Miss., moved to recommit it, with instructions to report a bill to reduce the duty on coal, iron and Coffee, and insert instead a Domestic Tax or Excise on all articles of Gold and Silver ware. Yeas 22, Nays 35.

The British did not seem to direct vote on the question, "*Shall this bill pass?*" which was decided in the affirmative—yeas 29, nays 25.

Yeas—Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Choate, Clayton, Conrad, Crittenden, Evans, Graham, Evans, Huntington, Kerr, Mangum, Merrick, Miller, Morehead, Phelps, Porter, Rives, Simmons, Smith, Sprague, Tallmadge, White, Woodbridge—25.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Bagby, Benton, Buchanan, Calhoun, Cuthbert, Fulton, Graham, King, Linn, McRoberts, Preston, Rives, Sevier, Smith, of Connecticut, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Wilkins, Williams, Woodbury, Wright, Young—25.

In the House the debate on the resolutions of Messrs. Cooper and Everett, was continued until the evening, when the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Army, being the consideration of Private Bills in Committee of the Whole, and several were taken up, and reported for final action.

Mr. Hunt moved to recommit the Army Appropriation bill. Agreed to, and the House adjourned.

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OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE AMERICAN IN EGYPT, with *Rambles through Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land, during the Years* 1838 and 1839. *Appleton's Railway Classics. Illustrated with numerous steel Engravings: also with Designs and Etchings, by D. C. Johnston.* New York: *Appleton & Co., Broadway,* 200. *Philadelphia, Hermans Hacker*—We suspect that very few readers of books of travel—we do not mean guide-books, embellishments, &c., are concerned—have ever appeared in England or America, than this; and those who read it for any other purpose than to kill time, or amuse pupils, will agree with us that more entertaining works have rarely been written. The author, with his family, left New York in the summer of 1838, and travelled through Europe, Asia, and Africa, visiting nearly places celebrated in history, or of present interest or importance. A fine collection of interesting and instructive statistics and descriptions of a thousand times repeated, he has given us lively sketches of persons and adventures, of moral comments on society, oriental politics, institutions, and public men; and humorous and felicitous portraitures of the various classes of European and oriental life he has known. The pretension, insolence and meanness of the "English tourist"—an animal every where else contemptible—not slightly exhibited in the "Americans" of the "Statesmen, Storesclerx, O'Sconcolorys, Pirkinses, Rompsters, Dundeliens, Lord Nicholases, &c., encountered on the banks of the Nile: Mr. Sidi Buckingham's fancy sketches of the Egyptian antiquities are shown to be as destitute of truth as the unexaggerating lectures of genius should be of virtue; and the accounts of Mohammed Ali, received through the English periodicals, etc., are proved to be entitled to no credit for truth or fairness. We have seen more lively or apparently truer delineations of Egyptian manners, customs, and social relations, in a single number of Blackwood, than in all the books written on the country. The "American in Egypt" will—in the phrase of the Boston Courier—"take its place on the shelf and hope speedily to see the promised continuation of the work, to enhance the author's silverthorn and observations in Palestine and Syria." The style of the embellishments, as we have before intimated, are equal to any ever published in this country.

RAMON SMITH AND SOUTHERN BELLES: *containing critical Remarks on the Southern States and Southern Institutions; with other characters and sketches of Men and Manners. By Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, author of "Random Recollections of India," etc. Two vols.* Illustrated. *New York, Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—We have seen or twice alluded to this work as in course of publication, and have therefore kept our table in this dull season with much more pleasure than we ordinarily feel on the reception of a new work. The author is known to the public as a brilliant and accurate writer, and to us personally as an agreeable gentleman whose extensive travels and varied associations would furnish him with materials for a work that will entertain and instruct his reader or listener. In the autumn of 1840 he left New York on a professional tour through the Southern and western states of the country, visiting in turn all the principal towns and most interesting scenery, and has largely in a given space of two volumes abound with lively sketches of character and manners, information in regard to the nature and operation of institutions, and opinions on the most vital topics known greatly the unhappy prejudices existing in the northern against the people of the southern states, and familiar observations of the latter, which will be of general interest. No book published about this country in a long time promises to be more popular. To give our readers an idea of the author's style we give a paragraph from his first volume, relative to an American writer who has not unworthily succeeded to the literary mantle of Irving.

Mr. Tasistro's voyage from Mobile to New Orleans—

The river is assumed to come down in torrents; and so there was nothing else calculated to engage my attention during the passage. I was engaged in my digest Mr. Hoffman's interesting romance of "Greyslaer."

It has been a subject of complaint, that all the talent we our land is employed in the composition of works of fiction longer; it is true that a learned man now writes a page on a monstrous subject for words; whereas, formerly he would have written a volume, and compresses his thoughts within the compass of a single letter. But why would learned men have spread them over the pages of a magazine before. The complaint is not unjust; and the evil is one that ought to exist as his course are short, so most they be filled with the very essence of thought. Long and short as they may be like musicians, in which the minutest object must be made to fill a very large canvas, whereas a single touch of flavour is combined, but which retain the opposite fill it loses all relish for simple food. We are no longer content with the diamond Truth alone—it must be set round with the pearls and rubies of fiction. Science and letters can now be more renowned as from a vial, and not poured as from the ample bowl of our forefathers. They must be presented with wit and sharp words; the effigies of History must be painted in the hues of Romance.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Charles Hoffman should not have chosen a subject less more exclusively to the composition of works more likely to be read by the many, and increase his own fame. I know of few travellers with whom it is more agreeable to travel, or whose society I would more cordially welcome to my own fireside. The author of "A Winter in the West"—how whose description of the days of a country house inspired me with a desire to visit it—he observes, and makes his readers behold, those negroes of mammy, and the rest of the group, as if marked by the unpretentious and matter-of-fact traveller, who gathers materials from one spot to another as he passes, and thinks he has done his duty when he has told us "that from such a town to such a town the distance is so many miles, and that the road lies through a well-wooded and fertile country." Mr. Hoffman's descriptions, are always picturesque; chosen for their character, and sketched with a graceful and free pencil; they leave a legend as well as I do myself, and tells it as if he enjoyed the telling of it. All these qualities are found in everything he writes agreeable, even in these days, when foreigners and travellers, and Mrs. Trollopes, and Dickens, and Marryatts, that a volume from the pen of a man who has not written a book will not be his title fair to become a pleasant reading.

"Greyslaer" is a beautifully-constructed tale, and, upon the whole, much above the average merit of romances. The pictures of savage life (where the modern of thought and action are the most plainly printed) are true to the originality of our introduction to these modes is exhaustive. There is more of real picturesque in a description of one of the aged, and was attended with the subject of aboriginal character in America has been incredibly exhausted, in the hands of genius, has given a charm to the subject not rendered in itself, and lend to the truth of the portraiture. It has been impossible also not to perceive in the many pictures of savage life (from those of Cooper to those of which we have spoken of both consistence has furnished us for some years back, that the truth were chosen for their effect, and not for the sake elevated to the dramatic tone, and all the characters made, like those of old Greek tragedy, to wear the dramatic mask; that, in fact, the aborigines were put into attitudes, made to speak in language unsuitable to their unrestrained and artificial to represent the modes of ordinary life and society under the sun, but to be more than enough as occasional records of excited passion or feeling. The sense of the public has long since pronounced true was grudged by such works, although the sense of the natural and the artificial was no more accurate than of we had been assured that the Indian chiefs, of the Indian women, were endowed to the great inconvenience of nothing upon record, and to be regarded as the most eloquent, not to be, although they might delight in the recitation of long and frequently dignified harangues. Nothing there would be times (such as those of warriors of danger) in which they would be the cognizance of an undisturbed nature, and commended to the extravagance of the more unrestrained one of nature which they had given them.

Mr. Hoffman is entirely free from this species of extravagance. He furnishes plain and just views of Indian character, and sketches of Indian life and customs, which, identified as an actor in the scenes, had a bearing on Thereby he has given to the world a series of delineations which will be found faithful and true to nature. The story is also well told, and the characters are well drawn. The interest of publishing the work in numbers has been given up so hopeless that we have not been able to reach the Treasury and be sure, may possibly enable the author to finish the work which Captain Cooper has not, but nothing more.

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Gems from the Poets.

THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dearest, to look is not a crime;
Indeed it is a curious study;
A word, whenever time'll rouse,
Is but a moulding wave of air;
A touch, obedience to a clause
In nature's pre-ordained laws.

The very flowers that bend and nod,
In expressing others, grow more sweet;
The clouds by day, the stars by night,
Interpret their fleeting backs of light;
The rainbow, Heaven's own freckled bread,
Is but the sentence of sun and shade.

How fine that love on hate we found!
How noble the world that could thus frame!
Like mountain streams we meet and part,
Each living in the other's heart;
Our course unknown, our hope to be
Lost mingled in the distant sea.

But ocean roils and heaves in vain,
Bound in the sphere somebody's chain;
And love and hope do but obey
Some cold, relentless power of way.
Which higher and leads the tide to clamour,
To Death's dull sand across and by.

Alas! our narrow line is drawn,
That links our sunset with our dawn;
In race and shade life's morning runs,
Its noon is passed in setting suns,
Its old, its twilight hours unroll
To whisper where that evening ends.

Oh! in the hour when all is well,
When naught remains for any sorrow more,
When passive eyes are wiping have at the tear
The city that feels their mere no more,
Then let the spirit stretch her wings
Or sweet sweet angel, blest then!

SONG.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
Over me your joy destroy?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Be as bright and blest as ever.
Smile—though I shall not be near you,
Weep—you'll not mind me then;
Why by one unheeded glimpse shew
Pain for me to mar again?

Go, forget me, &c.

Like the sun, the pressure glowing,
Like the sun, the pressure glowing,
And when thou, like him, set going,
Leaveless silence fade in sunlight,
All things look'd as bright about thee,
Feel they nearly, without time,
By one pure and fatal mind.
Earthly hours were not so sweet
Like the sea, &c.

Go, then, with a lofty glowing,
Buffly on my soul that fell;
Go, for so no longer knowing
Any heavy day or wail;
Go, and be as bright and blessed
Thin, that I may see it brighted;
Go, I know, generous swell,
Pray'r and the poet's blessing!
Go, thou vision, &c.

From New Works.

PIZZO.

By chance we entered Pizzo on the twentieth anniversary of Murat's death. There are certain unknown towns whose, at times, events give an unexpected importance to their names; there are great as into reputation, that their names suddenly become European. Such is the fate of Pizzo, without a sound in its place and probably without its inhabitants generally, a few on its celebrity of a day, and has become one of the Napoleonian Iliad. It is well known, indeed, that it was in the town of Pizzo that Murat was shot. Let us however some lines on those circumstances as elucidated by the notwithstanding the recollection of the failings connected with the memory of Murat, that name has become one of the popular ones of the empire after that of Napoleon. His life, indeed, a strange destiny. Born at an inn, the son of a village host, Murat, through the patronage of a noble family, entered the Cuhot College, where he was left to finish his studies at the Ecclesiastical Academy of Toulouse. He was intended for the Church and had already become a sub deacon. He was called Adieu Murat, when, for some trifling offence, for which he never could not buy pardon, he was sent to La Bastide. There he found himself upon in his paternal inn, of which he was for a moment, the lord servant. He was next tried of such a life. The 15th regiment of Chasseurs-a-cheval happened to pass his down, he applied to the Colonel, and enlisted. His exercise after he was made Maréchal-des-Logis; but when the empire arose against discipline he was repulsed from the regiment, as he had been from the seminary, and he entered into the Gardes du Corps, and received him only on condition of his renouncing his rank among the servants. At this moment the dissolved the Assembly, the formation of the constitutional guard of Louis XVI.; Murat was admitted to enter it, and was present at the fête for Paris with a comrade of the name of Bessières, the latter was afterwards the Marshal Duke of Istria; Murat soon left the constitutional guard, as he had left the seminary and his first regiment; he entered a regiment of characters with the rank of lieutenant. A year after he was a Lieut.-Colonel. It was then that, as a Captain of volunteer, he wrote to the Jacobin Club in order to be permitted to change his name from Murat to that of Thermopyle. The Thermopyle accepted, and, as the Jacobin Club had come to great favour, Murat was the most prominent of his race. The thirteenth vendémiaire took place; Murat found himself under the command of Barras. Napoleon. The young general detected in him the men of war, and having the command of the artillery of the army Murat was appointed his aid-de-camp. Murat then rose along with the man to whose fortune he had attached himself. Murat, indeed, shared all his victories, charging first at the head of the squadron, leading stunningly pursuit and entering towns foremost. In less than six years he was successively made lieutenant-general, governor-colonel, marshal of the empire, prince, high admiral, grand eagle of the legion of honor, Grand Duke of Berg, and King of Naples. He who wished to make himself royal styled himself Joachim Napoleon. But the King of the Two Sicilies did not see the soldier of Rivoli, and the general of Abensir. He made a sceptre of his sabre, and a crown of his helmet. Aspromonte, Sonnicaud, the last of the towns beheld him such as Le Cornu and the Tagliamento he had known him, and on the 15th of September, 1815, he was the first to enter Moscow, just as, or the 13th of November, 1806, he had been the first to enter Berlin. Here his glorious and triumphant life stopped short. Murat was the leader of the first and Napoleon's greatest cause; but the one was a hero, and he other only a man. Napoleon was made to fall. Murat is to die.

On the 8th of December, 1815, Napoleon gave the command of the army to Murat. Napoleon had made Murat all that he was; Murat owed him every rank, station, and fame which he had given him the name of Caroline and a throne. In whom could Napoleon trust if it was not in Murat alone, a conquerer, whom he had made a king? The hour of conclusion was impending. Murat took the lead. Murat united the army, issued his last order to the army, and, invincible in the field, was vanquished by the fear of losing his throne. He arrived at Naples in order to bargain for his crown with the enemies of France, and congratulations were sent with Austria and Russia.

What mattered it that the conquerer of Austerlitz and Marengo fell, pierced the cuirassy of Wilna stood? But at the bridge of Lodi, at Aboukir, at Jaffa, Napoleon had assembled round his standard, and the giant was ready for another struggle. Murat anxiously listened to the cannon thundering in Saxony; when he fancied the foreign fire in the heart of France, he rewarded all reason. Lutzen and Bautzen, reached his ear, and made his heart beat. On that report, Joachim mounted his horse, and called for his sword and charger; he came up as late as he had too away; he was, it was said, in his palace at Caserta, or Chiavenazza; or, as he had cut the roads of Freyberg and Turin, and was at Rome, indolently at the wing of the enemy's army. Why was not Murat killed at Bautzen? Why could not he have stayed on the 11th of January, 1814, in the Court of Vienna, in the hall whereby he engaged to supply the allies with 30,000 men, and to march at the head against France? Why this means Murat continued King of Naples, whilst Napoleon became emperor of the island of Elba. Ah! Murat came when Joachim perceived, in his turn, that his new throne was undermined, that the old throne of Europe rose, and that the ancient family of kings thanked at the narrowest bridge Napoleon had recognised there as rather as a brother. The Bourbons of France had demanded of Vienna the dominions of Joachim. At the same time the avenger report spread of Napoleon having quitted Elba, and of his unexpected landing. Murat thought that the moment had come to regain a counterpoise to the Austrian whilst Napoleon should be master of France, he would assemble 70,000 men, and rush with such force on Austria, that Louis XVIII. would soon rejoin Napoleon. But he might still be the first object of Napoleon's hate. His army vanished like smoke. He returned to Naples, shut himself into a town, received Ferdinand again into his hospitality due to exile of him he had betrayed. Napoleon was routed to reply, "you have acted contrary as the first time, by declaring against me; the second, by declaring for me. Your conduct is infamous." Between the King of Naples and the Emperor of the French. I shall conquer without you or fall without you." From that moment Joachim ceased to exist for Napoleon. Once only, when the chance of a happy stroke on his Cousine gave to the palaces of Monte Saint Jean, and now there remained nothing for the British squares, but to march to Paris, to sigh, "Ah! le Murat etait ici!" Murat had disappointed nobody knew what he could do, and he was doomed to recognise but to die.

Let us count Pizzo. At the reader will understand, Pizzo, as small as Avignon, was to me almost a family pilgrimage. At Moncel Studios we lay pel-mêle, the King of Naples was the friend of my father. When a child, I painted at the window of his son, and the instruction of the other, and more than once I made a house of the sword of the conqueror of Edinburgh. Arched with the brilliant plumed cap of the King of Abruzzi. I had, therefore, come to gather, one by one, of I may call it, Murat's legend, the leaves of one of the most cruel agonies history has recorded. I had beforehand taken every precaution. At Catherine Murat and Napoleone's aunt had given me a letter of introduction to the Colonel Adolfo. Charmier Adolfo, General of the Prince de Plaisiande, was, in 1815, at Pizzo, where he still resides, and I doubted the confidence that all of the service in his power. He had rented him every day of his life, and taken leave of him a few minutes before his death. The moment I delivered the letter to the Chevalier Adolfo he was as terrible of the interest I bestowed on the sanguine details of the catastrophe of which I wished to be the historian, and placed all his recollections at my disposal. We first visited Pizzo. It is a little town of between 1500 and 1800 souls. In the middle of the town is a large piece of nearly a square shape. From the two sides of that place, in order to reach the sea, one must descend; on the right, one descends by a gentle and windy slope; on the left, by Cyclopean stairs, formed, like those of Capua, of large granite flag-stones.

When one has descended those stairs, one watches a little down, with a shaded by fine trees and embankment and here and there, but at sixty steps from the shadows it is no verdure, and nothing is to be found but a desert of lava which one walks on as on the sea shore. It was on that little flat shore, that on the 8th of October, 1815, there was a group of persons who could not tell each other what they did not expect would yield anything on that day. It belongs, I am sure, to the reader, to divine, after some apparent hesitation as to the course they should take, endeavoured to ascertain if Pizzo, at eighty steps from the shore, they lowered a boat; thirteen can persons got into it, and took the road for the coast. There were stood straight at the prow; the first was a man of about forty, of middle stature, with a pale and sad countenance, clothed in a green coat and the third-de-Aid-de-Camp Campana. The other individuals in the boat were chiefly officers of the general's staff. We have already told our readers what circumstances marked the melancholy hour of the departure of Murat and his friends; they know how he had persuaded himself that he would find another Gulf Juan on the coast of Calabria, and how he found his grave there! We shall, therefore, not relate the agonising sensations of which Pizzo was the scene. After glancing for the tips of spy witnesses of the indignities we have already suggested, the commander of the fleet, visited the spot referring to the fat shore, where it is preserved as an object of curiosity, we must go up the old town which is perched on the summit of a cone to be seized. It is pierced by two ballots.

Beyond the little fort, we enter the spot where Campana is buried. Nothing points it out to the curiosity of the traveller, and like the rest of the country, it is covered with stones. From Campana's grave we went and ascended the old castle on the top of which Murat and his friends had been imprisoned. It is somewhat more than thirty-two French feet in height, and is surrounded on the little castle . . . . . On reaching the last step of the stairs by which one goes to the top, a spring bars us. At the room which Murat occupied, and behind you, in a recess of the wall, is a window, which is now closed by a stone built in the same. Murat stood upon, still exhibits the marks of four holes, which were made by the iron bars of the condemned's body. We entered the room; like all the rooms of the castle, it is in ruins. The roof, with its whitewashed walls, covered with a multitude of images of Madonnas and saints; in front of the door one sees the ruins of the King when about to die; we saw two or three fragments of mirrors, and on the floor, at an old remnant of the clothes left by mercy in a corner of the room; in the next one, where the soldiers who guarded the prisoner slept, we found a pack of cards of a singular style. The man who did us the honor of our guide was a man of about fifty years. He was about 35 or 36 years old, and had seen Murat during the five days of his imprisonment. His recollections perfectly accord with those of the other witnesses of that time. He was at that time have been 15 or 16 years old. In other respects, he had no particular recollection of that unfortunate catastrophe, with the exception of the name in which Murat was called. "The day that the castle we went to the church; the street sealed over the windows of the house in which the prisoner was." Such was the account of the guide